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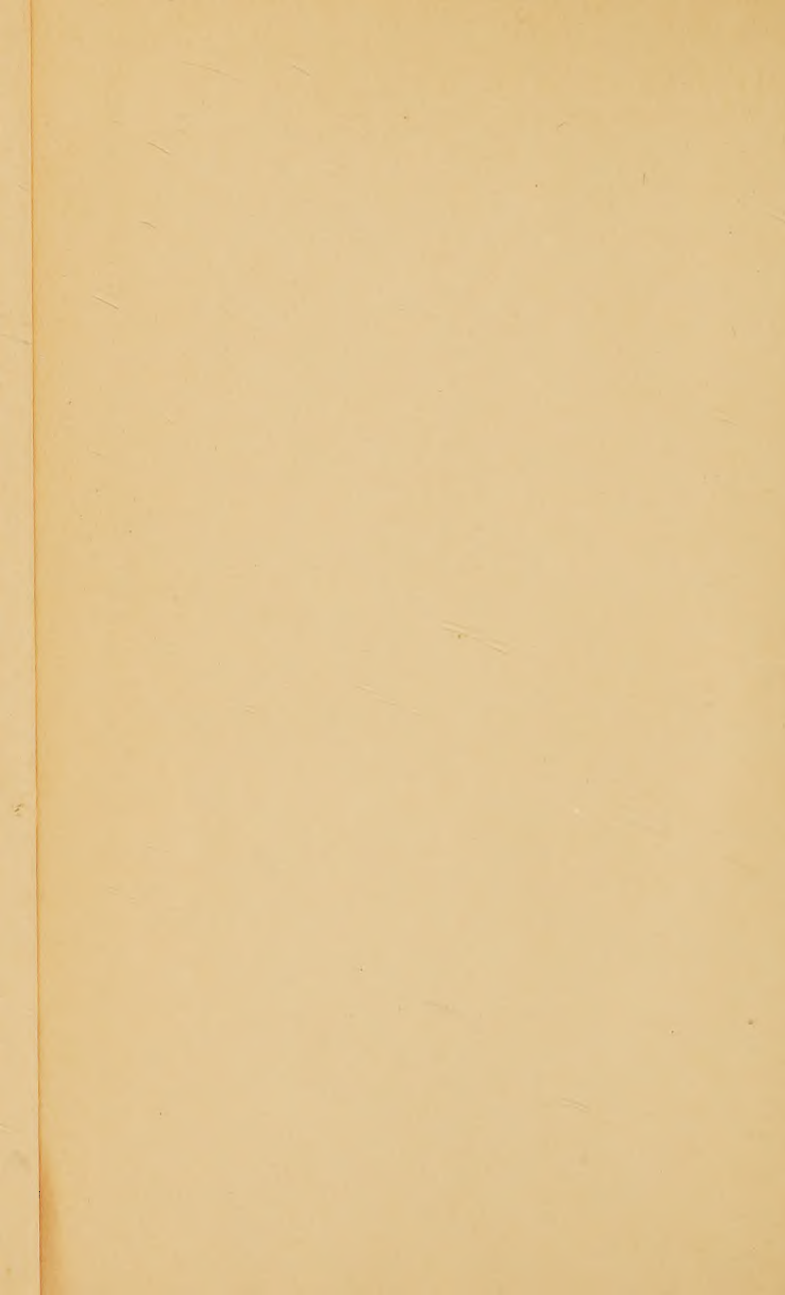
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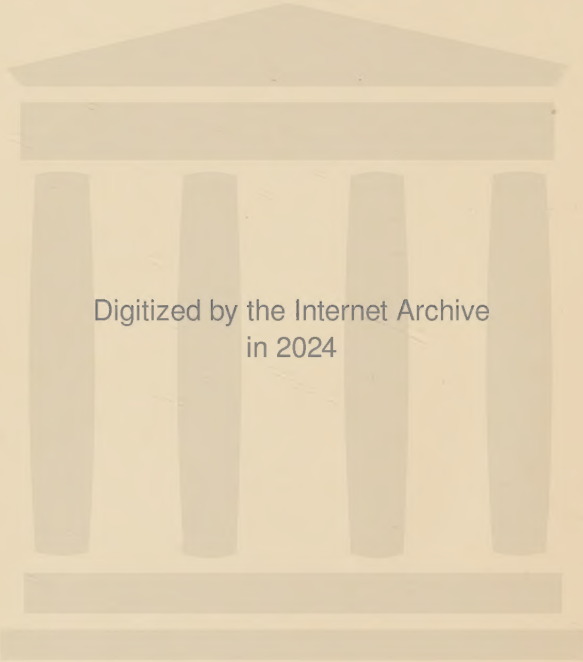
John E. Dexter

12/14/73



LOCKER ROOM BALLADS

JOHN E. BAXTER



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*"The President on bended knees
With eyes uplifted, murmurs 'Please,
Dear Heaven, let thy will be done
But there's a favor, only one.'"*

LOCKER ROOM BALLADS

BY
JOHN E. BAXTER

ILLUSTRATED
BY
JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG



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DEDICATED TO
JOHN B. MILLER,
SPORTSMAN

*"In Polo he can take his place.
Just see him with his own sons race
On ponies swift and well trained too.
You should be proud, John B., that you
Have sons to take your place and name.
You, Father of the Polo Game
In California, where you tried
With all your might and took a pride
And gave your time from other work,
And with the Weisses, Ford and Burke,
The Spaldings and the rest who play,
Made Polo what it is to-day."*

(From "The Men Who Made the West," 1916)

CONTENTS

A GOLFER'S KICKABILITY	1
VALHALLA VIA THE POLO FIELD	14
COMMITTEES THAT FUNCTION, (<i>At the Club's Expense</i>)	22
THE NINETEENTH HOLE HAS WATER IN IT NOW	29
THE PERFECT GOLFER	33
THE PRESIDENT (<i>With Obligato Assistance by the Anvil Chorus</i>)	36
SOLILOQUY OF A POLO PLAYER	43
IMPROVEMENTS	46
MY DUTY	48
A POLO TRAGEDY	52
WAKE UP, YOU'RE IN HEAVEN	58

CONTENTS

TENNIS! OH, TENNIS!	64
WANTED!	68
THE LADIES, GOD BLESS 'EM	71
THE PUNISHMENT	74

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

FIGURE	PAGE
1. <i>Then to the locker room he goes . . .</i>	5
2. <i>They hold the water—there it stays . . .</i>	11
3. <i>To christen a player it's truly said . . .</i>	15
4. <i>But his strength comes back and he grabs the hand</i>	19
5. <i>The Green Committee pondered; scratched its noble head awhile . . .</i>	23
6. <i>The course is super-perfect and the greens are true as dies</i>	31
7. <i>And though we jest and laugh at him . . .</i>	35
8. <i>The President on bended knees</i>	39
9. <i>They'll start to knocking this and that . . .</i>	41
10. <i>And the Polo mounts are eager</i>	45
11. <i>His partner was fairy-like, lithesome . . .</i>	49

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

12. *The next one was heavy, and galloped* . 51
13. *Two words in war may humble kings* . 53
14. *You spur and whip to meet it* . . . 55
15. *The master of caddies was happy and
blithesome* 59
16. *Tennis! Ah, you said it* 65
17. *There is exercise in tennis* 67
18. *Wanted: A man with a walrus hide* . 69
19. *Dear woman; changing woman, yes, she
changes like the breeze* 73
20. *I'll get him to manage a club* . . . 75

LOCKER ROOM BALLADS

JOHN E. BAXTER

A GOLFER'S KICKABILITY



ACH year John Smith took six
months' rest

And journeyed far from East to
West,

He played at Golf six days each week
Or worked at playing, so to speak.

He cussed his way through every game
Till vocal cords were hoarse and lame,

His troubles came from every source,

So trail him once around the course

And hark to troubles he will find

That agitate his crape-hung mind.

On Number One he takes his stance,

The day is fine, his golfing pants

Are sharply creased, his linen shirt

So dazzling white the eyeballs hurt.

LOCKER ROOM BALLADS

(A voice from out the caddy crowd
Remarks, in accents fairly loud,
“I’ll lay you evens—up to five
That dressed-up guy will miff his drive.”)
He tees his ball, then takes his stance,
You’d think he had St. Vitus Dance—
He wiggles, waggles, measures, swings,
Gets nervous, angry, tragic things.
Then changes stance and moves the ball
Until the starter has to call
And ask him if he doesn’t see
Two foursomes waiting on the tee.
The hint appears to stir his ire,
His eye enshrines a glint of fire,
A new address—it ill-behooved
The same old stance, the tee had moved
Before the Club had met the ball
Oh, no reflections—none at all.
He utters not one single word,
Yet round about him might be heard
A silence that was most profane

A GOLFER'S KICKABILITY

And made his inner thoughts quite plain.
Again he wiggles, all stand still,
Stop breathing while he hits the pill
This time he lams it sure enough
But tops it, drives it in the rough,
The starter, as he leaves the tee,
Gives voice to hope that he will be
In such a lie he'll use the wood,
A brassie could do lots of good
And with good distance still might be
Upon the green to put for a three.
Ah, no such luck! The lie was bad,
The worst, he said, he'd ever had.
The troubles with these courses are
The roughs encroach by far too far.
Again he tries, this time a slice,
'Twas worth a "Main-top" circus price
To hear him swear about the way
The club men make their clubs to-day.
The shaft was warped—the head was
loose

LOCKER ROOM BALLADS

The grip too short—but what's the use
To play this course? It isn't fair,
The Green Committee doesn't care
What kind of Pro this club employs
Our agonies are but their joys.
“At my home Club” a pro like that
Would get a sudden *coup d'état*
(Pronunciation of that ‘tat’
Is slightly wrong but what of that.)
Vile temper slowly on him crept;
The night before he must have slept
Upon the very straw that broke
The camel's back—and when he woke
He must have clambered out of bed
The wrong side first, perchance his head
Had felt as if with lead 'twere packed.
Too much? Too little? Volstead Act.
The first hole found him much distressed
With ditto marks for all the rest.
The first Green wasn't worth a sou
And all the rest were ditto too.



*"Then to the locker room he goes
To air his further soulful woes
And find a kindred spirit who
Will go him three where he goes two."*

LOCKER ROOM BALLADS

And so, throughout the day and game,
He said it was a crying shame
To have to play such links as these,
The Governing Board must be the cheese,
Or else the architect was blind
With spark plugs missing from his mind.
And now the round is o'er—he's done,
He's toiled and sweated, not much fun.
He signs his caddy check and seeks
A kindred spirit. How he creaks
Whene'er he opens up to say
The course has spoiled a perfect day.
Then to the locker room he goes
To air his further soulful woes
And find a kindred spirit who
Will go him three where he goes two.
He rips and raves—until he's hoarse,
Again he plays the awful course,
The greens were fast or else too slow,
The grass too short, why is it so?
Or maybe long—some sheep should be

A GOLFER'S KICKABILITY

Invited here, they'd trim it free.

And worse than greens and twice as
tough

The traps have not half sand enough;

They are not raked, they're full of tracks,

The man in charge should get the ax,

A dent should be put in his dome

And make him make his tracks for home.

And then those bunkers! "Say," he'll
say,

"They block a good man's line of play.

'Back home' in all the first-class clubs

Where Green Committees are not dubs

You'd never see a bunker there.

They lay our courses out with care.

But here this fairway's wet—that dry,

One never gets a decent lie,

The tee's too sloping for a stance

A par man hasn't got a chance.

You take the East, at my own Club

The player—I don't mean the dub—

LOCKER ROOM BALLADS

Would raise the dickens, he would be
Ashamed to play from such a tee.
The thirteenth green was wrongly built,
It's modeled from a crazy quilt,
A patch of grass, a patch of weeds
Shows lack of using proper seeds.
Oh! Shades of Tufts! Oh! What a
mess!

That green can never gain success
Until it's plowed and disked and hoed
And brains are with the new seeds sowed.
Through lack of oil the mowers squeak,
They made me mess a shot last week.
The hose connections leak, you bet
Some one will get pneumonia yet."
And thus he goes, but wait, oh, wait
At least one moment; hesitate!
By accident, he said one day
As he came stamping in from play
"That number one's a Big League Green
As slick as Whoosis Vaseline."

A GOLFER'S KICKABILITY

A compliment, Oh no! Don't fret—
The sentence isn't finished yet.
For his pronouncement of the Green
As being smooth as duvetyne
Was not intended long to stand.
The green, as he remarked—was grand;
“But what's the use if greens are good
When cups aren't sunk the way they
should?

That cup's too high—a mortal cinch—
It should go down a half an inch.
A man can't sink 'em when the cup
Is down too deep or too high up.”
And thus he goes—you know him well,
He talks the welkin to a jell.
It's not the course that stirs him, he
Is cursed by Kickability.
But when he packs his grips to go
Back East to battle sleet and snow
The echoes of his curses play
Along the Railroad Right of Way.

LOCKER ROOM BALLADS

They die upon the western shore
And Eastward bound, a rumble, roar
That swells into a din and then
The Kicker's going strong again.
The mountain peaks are far too high
The valleys far too low—Ah! Why
Are Eastern Clouds such low-grade stuff,
They won't hold water tight enough.
“Out West” the clouds are very few
But what there are are quite de luxe
They hold the water—there it stays
And only rains on scheduled days.
And now the winter fades and dies
And summer flames in gorgeous skies.
The “skeeters” come with zest and vim
And sink their plungers deep in him,
So deep they thrust they made a path
Into the depths of newer wrath
Until in anguish he confessed
The “Land of Heart's Desire” was West,
From which you will infer that spot



*"They hold the water—there it stays,
And only rains on scheduled days."*

LOCKER ROOM BALLADS

Is Paradise where he is not.
His friends, his wife (who knows him
best)
Unite in saying he'll not rest
Within his grave, he'll kick and scold
And say the clay is far too cold,
Too tightly packed around his chest
He'll never get a moment's rest;
And if to Heaven he haps to go
He'll claim St. Peter's getting slow,
If by dire chance he has to wait
Until they ope the pearly gate,
And if so be he gets a harp
He'll say the flats are all too sharp
The sharps are flat—the strings too taut,
All Heaven wrong—not what he thought.
His jeweled crown his head won't fit
His wings too heavy—think of it!!
“Back Home”—but Peter's on his trail,
And John Smith's gills are slightly pale.
He starts to rave of this and that,

A GOLFER'S KICKABILITY

The good Saint hands him back his hat,
And says, "Old Scout, pray let me tell
You'll feel far more at home in—well,
You know the place where one must play
A red-hot course and never lay
Approaches to the pin at all,
Where one can't blame club, course or
ball,
Where shafts are warped and where the
cheese
Of all is Mephistopheles.
And where you'll bend your haughty
dome
As Mephy murmurs Welcome Home!"

VALHALLA VIA THE POLO FIELD



LISTEN! My children, and you
shall hear

Of the ride of a modern Paul
Revere;

Not just one Paul but a crew of eight
Who ride as grim and as stern as fate
In a game that is hard and fast and must
Be played by men who can bite the dust.
It's a he-man game, it is barred to mutts
And open only to men with guts;
A game, as the onlooker will observe,
Requiring brain, brawn, skill and nerve.
To christen a player it's truly said
That a mallet is broken across his head
While he slips in a huddle from off his
mount



CHRISTENING

*"To christen a player it's truly said
That a mallet is broken across his head."*

LOCKER ROOM BALLADS

A really strange baptismal fount;
Trampled by hoofs in the fiercest fray
He remains unconscious at least a day;
Broken ribs and a fractured skull;
A player's christening is never dull
But he doesn't stay christened, it would
appear,
For they christen him over again each
year.

In Polo, the raw recruit, you'll find
On Polo mounts has a one-way mind;
Each one of his string, if he's extra raw,
Is sired by Morvich or Man-of-War.
They're generally purchased for looks
and style

And may hold records for half a mile;
The sort of a horse that in every case
Would like to breeze in a red-hot race;
On the field they'll run till they nearly
drop,
But they will not slow and they will not
stop,

VALHALLA VIA POLO FIELD

Till they've passed the ball and the captain roars

"Gol-ding, blank-blank," and the foe-man scores.

Then the "rookie's" told by a veteran friend

In mounts he begins where he ought to end.

And the Veteran!! Ah! What a man is he,

Attuned to the sport in a major key;

His hand, rock steady, his brain is fast

And he rides the field like a trumpet blast;

Keen in the "pinches," his courage knows

No quit or falter when evil blows,

The tighter the pinch his spirits rise

And his lips are sealed against alibis;

He does or he doesn't and if he fails

He moans no moans and he wails no wails;

LOCKER ROOM BALLADS

But plays the game as a real he-man
And, playing, lives up to his Maker's
plan.

Yes, the veteran seeks a horse apart—
What of the courage and what of the
heart?

For the heart in the saddle is high and
game,

And the heart in the pony must be the
same,

For never were triumphs in polo done
But hearts of the rider and mount were
one;

Exciting sport and it's far from tame;
Let's all stand by through an entire game
And watch the beginner lined up to play
With his team-mates dressed in their
colors gay.

The opposing team is lined up as well
And the timekeeper clangs on his starting
bell;



"AIN'T POW GRAND!"

*"But his strength comes back and he grabs the hand
Of the nurse and murmurs "Ain't Polo Grand?"*

LOCKER ROOM BALLADS

The ball's rolled in by the referee,
And the scrimmage is started to fight it
free

From the horses' feet to a favored spot
Toward the distant goal in a ringing shot.
The recruit is fussed and his woes begin
As the gooseflesh shows on his nervous
chin.

He starts down field on his fancy skate,
Sees forty players instead of eight,
And wonders what is the best to do.
Sees forty horses and mallets, too,
With a dozen balls in play at once
And each of them doing Houdini stunts;
Which horse to miss? Which ball to hit?
Which mallet to hook? So he thinks a
bit

And he makes a swipe as the ball goes
by—

He misses—but christens some other guy.
His heart's now throwing a maiden fit
20

VALHALLA VIA POLO FIELD

For his high-grade pony has grabbed the
bit

And he runs down field, makes a foul, a
cross,

Then the rookie's down with his sterling
horse,

Ah, yes, he's down in a heap and stays

In a hospital cot for a stretch of days,

But his strength comes back and he grabs
the hand

Of the nurse and murmurs—"Ain't Polo
Grand?"

COMMITTEES THAT FUNCTION
(at the club's expense)

HE Green Committee pondered;
scratched its noble head
awhile,

Designed a maze of traps and thus ran
true to golfing style.

These traps next year were deepened,
later partly filled, but that
Was proof, the anvil chorus said, there's
bone beneath the hat.

The next committee filled those traps,
sowed grass and all was well

Until a new committee raised a raucous
rebel yell

And claimed the club was wholly wrong,
that bunkers were the cure



*"The Green Committee pondered; scratched its noble head awhile,
Designed a maze of traps and thus ran true to golfing style."*

COMMITTEES

For golfing ills, although they kept the
golf course air impure.

And so the traps were built again, so
deep one had the hunch

A visit in the morning meant you'd still
be there at lunch.

(Meanwhile, the Club paid the bills.)

The Greens were later modified, the hilly
rolling sort

Were foisted on committees as the proper
tang to sport.

So Greens were changed and then a roar
went up from "flat green" men

That undulations wrecked 'em, so the
Greens are flat again.

The Brook across the fairway as one goes
to number eight

Demanded spoons and jiggers and re-
ceived a hymn of hate.

The brook was dammed—yes—spelled
that way—a reservoir was built

COMMITTEES

Where dollar balls found haven in delight-
ful mud and silt.

But that fixed that; a golfer hates to lose
a golf ball, though

His earnings mount to millions—so the
new dam had to go.

(And the Club gayly paid the bills.)

Thus once again the brook holds sway, it
tinkles through the dell

Just as of yore and, save for some, it
tinkles mighty well.

But other traps are ordered built—an
angle there, but here

Another angle's doomed to go (they'll
have it back next year)—

The next committee's sure to urge a trap
that's slightly round—

The one that follows that will scorn a hole
and build a mound.

LOCKER ROOM BALLADS

And then a scratch man's sure to say the
mound's a fearful thing—

So out it comes; the ground is plowed—
contractors gayly sing.

And thus the changes come and go till
one is deaf and blind

But that which changes mostly is the
Green Committees' mind.

(And we wonder why there's an Assess-
ment.)

The House Committee met and said the
kitchen should be changed;

The club should own its bake-shop—have
the whole place rearranged.

The store-room? Far, oh, far, too large;
the pantry far too small—

The remedy is right at hand—and so
they move the wall.

They need another ice-box, yes, the high-
priced food will spoil;

COMMITTEES

It's bought; the Club must dig for dough
as one would dig for oil.

They talk of many things to buy, they
never seem in doubt;

Though often they keep talking when the
facts have all run out.

Election time is coming close; committees
will not fail

To boast about the cash they saved—
though they spent it by the bale.

(But another assessment will wipe out
the deficit.)

Finance committees meet in gloom,
there's grief on every brow,

The club had funds when started but it
hasn't got 'em now,

Which means that Clubs will find, some
day, there's too much money spent

In educating members of committees
whose intent

LOCKER ROOM BALLADS

Is really good; they're satisfied their
knowledge is profound.

Each one knows how to run a Club—yes,
run it in the ground.

Assess again; put Greens in shape, new
golfers soon will join,

One bunch will dig up divots while the
others dig up coin.

But when next pleas for changes come—
directors vow and swear

There'll be no changes—vow it with their
hands upraised in air.

(Then, Assessments will cease.)

THE NINETEENTH HOLE HAS
WATER IN IT NOW



HE course is super-perfect and
the Greens are true as dies;
But the locker room is gloomy
and the brow

Of every ardent golfer has a furrow twixt
his eyes—

The Nineteenth Hole has Water in it
now!

The fairway's smooth as velvet and the
skies are faultless blue;

The landscape's like a Corot, you'll al-
low,

There is no balm in Gilead, there is no
balm for you—

The Nineteenth Hole has Water in it
now!

LOCKER ROOM BALLADS

The waiters? Ah, perfection!! and the
chef's a dream come true,
But hallways ring no more with "Well,
here's how!!
Good luck, old chap and riches, may all
good things come to you!"
The Nineteenth Hole has Water in it
now!

When Tophet's gates are opened, with
old "Sate" you take a spell
The first phrase you will hear—you'll
wonder how
The world misjudged the Devil—and the
phrase that proves it's 'ell
Is "The Nineteenth Hole has Water in it
now!"
World History soon will tell us of the
days of long ago
Your round was done, your highball you
could sip,



*"The course is super-perfect and the greens are true as dies;
But the locker room is gloomy and the brow
Of every ardent golfer has a furrow 'twixt his eyes—
The Nineteenth hole has water in it now."*

THE NINETEENTH HOLE

To-day you need prescriptions from kind-
hearted doctors, so
The Ninteenth Hole is carried on the hip!

THE PERFECT GOLFER



IS drives are rather ragged and
his iron shots are punk;
His putting's an amazing
thing; he's rarely ever sunk
A putt much longer than a foot; his
mashie stroke's a sin;
Somehow he can't seem to get a touch
of Hagen spin
To hold it safely on the green; his brassie
shot's the type
The devil teaches when the lads are
slightly under-ripe.
And more than that he knows all traps;
not one but has its charms
And welcomes him with encores and, it
seems, with outstretched arms;

THE PERFECT GOLFER

But somehow it can't feaze him much; a
song is in his heart

And on his lips a whistle and a jest of
golfing art.

When he comes in he always has the gra-
ciousness to say

"This Club is perfect, I have had a most
delightful day."

And though we jest and laugh at him,
we'll tell the wide world flat

God made the golf course brighter when
he made a man like that.



*"And though we jest and laugh at him
We'll tell the wide world flat
God made the golf course brighter
When he made a man like that."*

THE PRESIDENT

*(with obligato assistance by the anvil
chorus)*



HE skies are blue. Ah, what a
day
To quit dull toil and hie away
Where hills are green, where fairways
call

And Peace, Sweet Peace, rules over all.
And so the President embarks
Upon his day, no dull care carks,
A foursome's been arranged and he
Goes singing blithe and jauntily.
But what is this? The locker room
Holds malcontents, he knows his doom
Is tightly sealed; upon his lips
The blithesome song develops pips;
One brief, swift glance and there he saw

36

THE PRESIDENT

A "quorum" laying down the law,
Cried one: "Now tell it to his face
Just how you claimed it a disgrace
The way our worthy President
Neglects his duties; he's content
To see the service getting worse,
He doesn't care a tinker's curse.
His duties? He should fire each man
Who works the old Mañana plan."
The President dismayed, inquired
Just whom this quorum wanted "fired."
In answer, like a flight of shot,
"Who, ask us who? Why, fire the lot;
We never get a decent meal
And that's one reason that we feel
So doggone heated up about
The way you run your job, old scout."
Depressed, distraught but still intent
On pleasing all, the President
Attempts defense; his voice is drowned.
The Anvil Chorus, gaining ground,

LOCKER ROOM BALLADS

Now knocks a wee bit louder still
About the steward's lack of skill,
About the food the chef sends in;
The steaks are tough as Keystone tin;
A knock for that; a knock for this;
There's nothing that the knockers miss.
A knock about the locker room
As Puritanic, prone to gloom;
A knock about the swimming pool;
The water hot or else too cool
A knock about the tennis court
The knocking stronger than the sport.
A knock on this; a knock on that;
The clack of tongues goes rat-a-tat
Like hail upon a shingled roof.
(The President's not weather proof)
Disgusted, he, upon his knees,
With eyes uplifted murmurs, "Please,
Dear Heaven, let thy will be done,
But there's a favor, only one,
And that is, that these knockers be
38



*"The President on bended knees
With eyes uplifted, murmurs 'Please,
Dear Heaven, let thy will be done
But there's a favor, only one.'"*

THE PRESIDENT

Enjoined to keep their tongues off me!
For soon they will upset my brain.
Please stop them or I'll go insane.
And if such earnest wish can't be,
Unlock the portals—get the key,
For soon upon the pearly gate
Another knock will sound, don't wait
But throw the portals open; tell
St. Peter I have had my spell.
Don't question me, nor probe nor ask
The details of my mundane task,
For if the gate stands open long
Upon my heels there'll be a throng
To storm the gate and once inside
Their tongues will wag in orbits wide.
They'll start to knocking this and that—
The way some angel wears his hat,
The way they've paved the Golden Street,
As rather hard on high-grade feet,
And then you'll suffer deep and long
Unless my guess be awful wrong,
40



*"They'll start to knocking this and that
The way some angel wears his hat."*

LOCKER ROOM BALLADS

For Knockers, when their voices swell
Can make of Heaven a perfect (Country
Club).”

L’ENVOI

When all is said and all is done
There’s but one thing and only one—
Where all agree and none dissent,
That is, there’s too much money spent.

SOLILOQUY OF A POLO PLAYER

 HAVE heard the sweetest music
That the man of earth may
hear;

I have heard the trumpets calling,
Calling sweet and sweetly clear.

I have heard the master organs,

I have heard the harmonies

Of west winds as they whisper

Through the branches of the trees.

I have heard the chant of masters

In celestial radiant song,

But the Polo Player's music

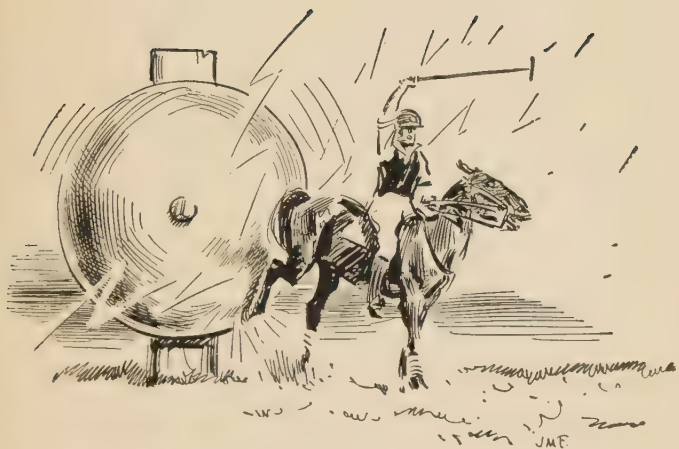
Is the harsh old starting gong,

The gong that sounds to battle

When the field is clear and dry,

LOCKER ROOM BALLADS

When crystal winds are puffing
And excitement's in the sky
And the polo mounts are eager
For the fray and I the same
Ah, the music of the world's the gong
That starts the Polo Game!



*"And the Polo mounts are eager
For the fray and I the same.
Oh, the music of the world's the gong
That starts the polo game."*

IMPROVEMENTS



YOU may talk of course improvements,

You may tell in prideful glee
How this or that hole's better
For the straight shot from the tee;
How this or that's a tough one,
For the new trap makes it tough,
You hook or slice and there you are
In trouble sure enough.

Improvements have been splendid,
You wonder from the first
Why you feel blue—and downcast—
Oh, believe me, it's the thirst!!

IMPROVEMENTS

For though they've speeded up the course
You realize somehow
They haven't helped the Nineteenth Hole
Just see what's in it now!

H₂ O

MY DUTY



HERE once was a wonderful
dancer;

His motions, ecstatic, divine;
His languor was set to the tempo
That motivates bubbles in wine;
He had ease, he'd command, he had
presence

That set him entirely apart
As one who was truly an artist,
If dancing be classed as an art.

(Sometimes Art—Sometimes Duty)

His partner was fairylike, lithesome,
She danced like the blossoms of May,
Which bow and coquet to the call of the
wind



*"His partner was fairylike, lithesome,
She danced like the blossoms of May,
Which bow and coquet to the call of the wind
As it murmurs its spring roundelay."*

MY DUTY

As it murmurs its spring roundelay.
And he danced; every minute was Heaven
The music was thrilling, sublime
And he clapped and applauded, de-
manded
An encore and got it each time.

BUT—

A MAN MUST DO HIS DUTY!

The next one was heavy and galloped,
She stumbled a bit in her flight;
She panted and wheezed but persisted
In dancing each dance through the night.
His left arm was palsied and aching,
The music was thrilling, sublime;
He clapped, 'twas his duty, Lord help us,
They gave him an encore each time.

WELL—

A MAN MUST DO HIS DUTY!



*"The next one was heavy, and galloped,
She stumbled a bit in her flight;
She panted and wheezed but persisted
In dancing each dance through the night."*

A POLO TRAGEDY



WO words may bring one anguish,
Two words may bring distress.
Two words may lift one to the heights,
Two words may mean success.
Two words in war may humble Kings
And then two little words
May toss the richest fortune
To the well-known, fabled birds.
Two words may lead to marriage,
Two words may raise the soul
Unto the peak of dreams come true—
The goal within a goal.
And then two words may blast one
As the lightning blasts a tree,



"Two words in war may humble Kings."

LOCKER ROOM BALLADS

Two little words may cast one
To the depths of misery.

“LEAVE IT.”

For when the game is fiercest
And the heart's exultant, high;
And pony hoofs are thumping
Hallelujahs to the sky;
When games are tight and bitter,
And the fight is inch by inch,
And every moment's battle,
And you're always “in the pinch,”
And then the ball comes rolling
And the goal lies dead ahead
And exultation's mounting and
Your darkest hopes are fled;
And you're riding, riding, riding,
And your mallet's raised to smite,
Two words ring forth; the sun is gone;
Your heart is black as night,—

“LEAVE IT.”

LEAVE IT!



*"You spur and whip to meet it
And your mallet's swinging high
When clear and cold comes sounding
Like a bolt from out the sky—*

'LEAVE IT.'"

A POLO TRAGEDY

The final chukker's playing
And you're one scant goal behind,
The chance to shine resplendent
As a hero comes to mind,
The goal posts loom before you
As there sounds a ringing cheer
The enemy has faux passed
And the ball is rolling clear;
You spur and whip to meet it
And your mallet's swinging high
When clear and cold comes sound-
ing
Like a bolt from out the sky
"LEAVE IT."

Your heart sinks to your boot heels
But your duty is obey
And ride the other fellow off
And clear your captain's way.

LOCKER ROOM BALLADS

The captain swings his mallet high
And through the air it hissed.
By all the Gods of Polo, see!
The Captain swung and missed.
“HE LEFT IT.”

WAKE UP, YOU'RE IN HEAVEN!



H, how better far, if one's time is
half spent in
The arms of Sweet Slumber, to
live in the dreams
That life is a fragrant and permanent
concourse
Of everything pleasant and not what it
seems.

So

The Green-keeper grinned with a grin
most ecstatic,
No scowl draped its mantle across his
dour face,
For members were praising the greens of
his raising



*"The master of caddies was happy and blithesome,
The caddies he'd gathered were gold through and through."*

YOU'RE IN HEAVEN!

And swore not a grass blade was out of
its place;

AND

The master of caddies was happy and
blithesome,
The caddies he'd gathered were gold
through and through,
Not a ball e'er was lost despite players
sliced 'em
And hooked 'em and topped 'em and
rarely shot true.

AND

The Pro was all smiles, all the clubs he
had sold 'em
Were just as he said; not a club wandered
back;
The balls he had furnished were true as
a trivet

YOU'RE IN HEAVEN!

One hit 'em and Gosh! they went off with
a smack.

AND

The bookkeeper finds that his books are
all balanced,

First trial and figures leap right into
place,

Each bill is correct to the last final
fraction

No wonder his soul is ashine in his face!

AND

The Locker room man is enthused and
he blazes

With hope and with joy and with grati-
tude, too;

No dust in the lockers, no moths and no
nothing

To stir the good members to hulla-
baloo.

LOCKER ROOM BALLADS

AND

The bar-keep is happy—with Cocktail
—and Highball,
“Doc” Volstead is vanquished, the dry
days gone by,
The foot’s on the rail, there’s a clink to
the glasses,
A “Here’s How,” a smile and a satisfied
sigh.

AND

The Steward is satisfied—everything
perfect
The menus each day really triumphs of
art,
His chefs carry out his ideas to perfec-
tion
And gratitude grips at the roots of the
heart.

YOU'RE IN HEAVEN!

AND

The Manager— Ah! he's the proudest
of all for

The glory of each is a tribute to him,
No longer departments are snapping and
wolfing

And running the Manager out on a limb.
More money's at hand than old Cræsus
could dream of,

The Club members willing to spend it
like smoke,

Yes, this is a dream—the Manager
dreamed it—

Then he fell out of bed, bounced just
twice, and awoke

AND

He added that this is a h—l of a joke!

TENNIS! OH, TENNIS!



'LL Play polo when I'm wealthy,
I'll play Golf when I am old,
And my knee-caps start to rattle
And my blood is running cold.
But Tennis! Ah, you said it.
There was never thrill as yet
To equal lofett wallops
That go ducking o'er the net.
There is exercise in tennis
And there's "love" in tennis, too.
You're a sprinter and a jumper
And a touch of kangaroo.
You're a little bit of racehorse
You're a Paddock all the time;
Pole vaulting comes in handy,



*"Tennis! Ah, you said it.
There was never thrill as yet
To equal lofett wallops
That go ducking o'er the net."*

LOCKER ROOM BALLADS

You must turn upon a dime.
In golf you wiggle, waggle,
As you heave and grunt, then swat,
Your eyes are fast upon the ball,
You miss it like as not.
Your caddy carries all the picks
And shovels that you need
To dig your way from bunkers
Or to hit the ball when teed.
Compared with Tennis, Polo is
A sport that's mild as air;
Your pony does the labors
While you ride as in a chair.
When the Captain hollers "leave it"
As you start to kill the ball
Well, you steer your pony past it
And you ride and ride—that's all!!
But in tennis; Ah! the glory
Of the king of all the sports,
You're a little bit of all there is
Plus Horse-sense on the courts.



*"There is exercise in tennis
And there's 'love' in tennis too.
You're a sprinter and a jumper
And a touch of kangaroo."*

WANTED



WANTED—A man with a walrus
hide,
An outcast without a friend,
A man who is bitter and walks aloof
And will walk that way to the end.

Wanted—A man with a soul of flint
And a heart that will never thump
At the gladsome news of a friend's suc-
cess
No more than the village pump.

Wanted—A man with two eyes in front
And two in the back of his head
And one each side, who'll use 'em all—
A man without fear or dread.



*"Wanted: A man with a walrus hide,
An outcast without a friend;
A man who is bitter and walks aloof
And will walk that way to the end."*

LOCKER ROOM BALLADS

Wanted—A man who's a judge in truth,
Who will act as a jury too,
A man who knows every rule by heart
The old as well as the new.

Wanted—A man who has Euclid beat
On angles—and who can tell
Your thoughts as you pass him swiftly by
And who uses his knowledge well.

Wanted—A man who is cold as ice
Who can ride like an Arab, he
Is the type of man that the wide world
 seeks,
A POLO REFEREE!

THE LADIES, GOD BLESS 'EM!



WE sing in rapture of the hills,
we sing of summer skies;
We sing of wand'ring winds that
blow as soft as lovers'
sighs.

We sing of gemlike stars that flame; the
moon a silver shield;

We sing of fleecy clouds that graze upon
a turquoise field.

We sing of rippling mountain streams;
we sing in ardent Praise

Of all the miracles of earth, and all God's
wondrous ways.

But most we sing, old age and youth
united in the thrall,

LOCKER ROOM BALLADS

In praise of that most wondrous work,
the masterpiece of all,
Dear Woman; changing woman, yes, she
changes, like the breeze;
And changing, ever changing, keeps the
male upon his knees.
One minute this, one minute that, before
the minute's through
The compass swings the circle, not a mere
degree or two.
One moment frowns, one moment smiles,
she tinkles like the rill,
One moment blossoms bloom for her,
next moment woman's chill
May blight them as an April storm. Ah,
woman! day by day
None dare predict her changes for the
rules are thrown away.
But woman's mighty steadfast in one
thing, and here's the rub,
She never shifts her viewpoint on the
way to run a Club.



*"Dear Woman; changing woman, yes, she changes like the breeze.
And changing, ever changing, keeps the male upon his knees."*

THE PUNISHMENT



HE hated a man and was praying
That somehow this fellow might
broil

On the Grid as the martyrs were toasted
Or, failing that, fall into oil
That sizzled and sputtered with heat
waves

A plunge—and—a hiss and good-by—
From which you may gather he hated
With feverish hatred this guy.
This lust for a horrible finish
Took shape in a number of schemes
To put his false friend to the torture
To wring from him heartrending screams:
The thumb-screw, the rack—the car-
bolic—

“But no,” he would say, “there’s a rift



"I'll get him to manage a Club!!!!"

LOCKER ROOM BALLADS

In the lute of such outstanding pleasure,
For death would come only too swift”
And oh! How he plotted and fretted!
What nights he sat up in despair—
Till dawn found him weak but triumphant
And cracking his heels in the air.
“What a Boob I have been!” he exulted.
“My word, what a horrible dub!
I’ll slip him the torture exquisite,
I’ll get him to manage a Club!!!!”

(1)

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